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# Innocence Unveil'd:

O R,

## A P O E M

On the Acquittal of the

### Lord Chief Justice Scroggs.

*Right Honourable,*

**I**mpetuous *Bedlow*, and his *Oaten* Friend,  
 Will now begin to buckle, or to bend :  
 Now I do plainly see that they are Fools,  
 They find it dang'rous meddling with Edge-Tools,  
*Justice* is sharp when it's too much abus'd ;  
*Justice* unjustly lately was accus'd :  
 And now what follows? Scourges of the Law,  
 To keep such bold-fac'd Fellows all in awe.  
 Your Innocence (unless I miss my mark)  
 Will make their Evidence look dull and dark.  
 Had they but found you Guilty, I dare swing  
 If they had let alone our Gracious King.  
 Their Heads were very high, their Hearts too stout,  
 Now give their Pride and Confidence a rout.  
 The *House of Commons* is there All in All,  
 And while They stand, the Coxcombs cannot fall.  
 This is their strong conceit ; they do not fear :  
 But ev'ry man that has an ear to hear,  
 Shall shortly hear that they have spoil'd their sport  
 By nothing more, than by this false Report.  
 Those Scriblers *Harris*, *Smith*, and *Care*, will quake,  
 For their Foundation doth begin to shake :  
 The first and second Saviour both look pale,  
 To see their Gall and Malice doth so fail :

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The Rubbish is remov'd, Knaves must fly hence,  
 For who can stand against your Innocence!  
 The *Chief* in *Justice* shines in's proper place,  
 Whilst Envy lies obscur'd with great disgrace.  
 Plot on, thou puny Levite, but beware  
 (Both Thou, the Captain, *Harris*, *Smith* and *Care*, )  
 Of him you aim'd to catch within your Snare.  
 His great Integrity is fully known,  
 And well approv'd by him that wears the Crown;  
 Is't a light thing to tread our *Justice* down?  
 Might *Justice* once be trodden under feet,  
 Then ev'ry Knave would strive for *CHARLES* his Seat:  
*Justice* is not so weak as you suppose;  
 Your *Smith* may sooner take the Devil by th' Nose,  
 Than think his Libels, or your Oaths can taint  
 That that's the badge of ev'ry Earthly Saint.  
*Injustice* is your *Justice*, I'me afraid,  
 But yet by *Justice* you shall all be paid:  
 You have had Rope enough, too much, I doubt;  
 Indeed I wonder that your Necks are out:  
 You are not Hang'd, but choak'd up in your Throats;  
 Now who'l believe the Rev'rend *Dr. Oates*,  
 Or the Heroick Captain? *Commons* may  
 Not when they find your Truth is gone astray:  
 My Lord *Chief Justice* Story will be told,  
 And 'twill appear that you have been too bold,  
 And *Truth* and *Justice* both at once you've sold.

FINIS.